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Rev Bishop  
Wm M L Sewall  
Campls

Presented by H<sup>on</sup> E. Bishop  
to

Mary Sophia Lawrence

Sept<sup>r</sup> 1828.

Mary Sophia Lawrence

Rev. from Howard Bros  
(Cat. 458 / 651)

The Author of these Poems  
was a young Attorney accustomed  
to Opium-eating - He stabbed him-  
self at the house of Mr Lysons  
Lewis, Strand on the first  
of January 1820.

**JULIA ;**  
**OR**  
**THE PILGRIM.**

**IN TWO CANTOS.**

**With Other Poems.**

*by*  
— Webster —

“ One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws  
“ Its bleak shade alike o’er our joys and our woes,  
“ To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,  
“ For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting ! ”

**MOORE’S MELODIES.**

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**LONDON :**  
**GEO. B. WHITTAKER, AVE MARIA LANE.**

---

**1825.**

"And from life's history —  
Swift to death's mystery  
Glad to be hurled —  
Nowhere, anywhere.  
Out of the world."





TO

**Sir Walter Scott, Bart.**

**&c. &c.**

**THESE PAGES ARE INSCRIBED**

**BY HIS WARM**

**AND**

**ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRER,**

**THE AUTHOR.**



## PREFACE.

---

**I THINK** that I need not make any apologies to the public at large for intruding myself on their notice.—The following Poems, or whatever they may please to style them, are too inconsiderable to call down the animadversions of criticism.—I have not laboured to write because every one in this poetical age does so, but, because I wished to bring to light the early productions of a very dear friend, whose genius and talents were blighted by an untimely death.—I have added one or two of my own for the sake of completing the volume.—

## PREFACE.

One thing I beg to observe—that I have not published for the sake of making money.—Every one must be aware that unless an author is known and accepted throughout the literary world, his productions are not likely to gain even a patient reader.—To the highly gifted and illustrious personage, to whom I have inscribed the following pages, apology is certainly necessary and due.—I have only to hope that he will pardon my presumption, in placing so great a name to such trifles.—To gain the favourable consideration of SIR WALTER SCOTT, will be the highest and most gratifying reward of

THE AUTHOR.

**JULIA ;**  
**OR, THE PILGRIM.**

---

**CANTO I.**

---

“ The wither'd frame, the ruin'd mind.  
“ The wrack by passion left behind,  
“ A shrivell'd scroll, a scatter'd leaf,  
“ Sear'd by the Autumn blast of grief.”

**THE GIAOUR.**



# **JULIA ;**

**Or, the Pilgrim.**

---

## **I.**

**WHAT** do I see? Lo ! o'er a marble Tomb  
Leans a light figure, weeping, young and fair—  
Her face is morning ; yet hath sorrow's gloom  
Blended the hues of rival evening there.  
Is it a phantom nothing worth ? of air ?  
Ideal ? fancy-wrought ? inane ? but no !  
The lines of life shew palpable and clear,  
And soft the lips of panting nature glow,  
Though tearful eyelids speak the Niobe of woe—

## II.

It is the Genius of a Nation weeps  
The death of her beloved, and by these stones  
Hallowed by sweet remembrances, here keeps  
Love's own sad pitying vigils, and bemoans  
Over, (all Death has spared her,) a few bones,  
Unceasing, pale, dejected, agonized!—  
Inestimable relics! tears and groans  
Proclaim alike how highly ye were prized,  
Whose Dust—one whitening speck, becomes im-  
mortalized.

## III.

There is a Planet fallen from its Sphere ;  
A Nation's sighs proclaim the dire Event :  
'Tis England sheds her tributary tear,  
England who o'er her BYRON'S monument  
Suspends her lyre—his scattered dust is blent  
With its own parent mass, and we no more  
Shall list those lips, which poured forth blandishment,  
Nor hear our Minstrel's harpings as of yore,  
Whose magic was the theme, the boast of Albion's  
shore.



## IV.

Yes! he is gone; alas! but say not so  
He only slumbers—yet unhappy Isle,  
That rest shall be unbroken here below,  
Which praise, nor blame, nor slander may beguile.  
Hushed are those lips! and Death hath quenched  
the smile

So wont to charm us—See, that noble form  
Wears the dark habit of the cloistered aisle:  
Look on that face unwither'd mid life's storm,  
There beauty triumphs still, unblemish'd, uniform.

## V.

The Poet with the Hero sleeps at last,  
Yet lives he ever in immortal fame;  
That sacred voice which triumphs o'er the past,  
Shall teach loved England unallied with shame  
To blend her chaplet with her BYRON'S name.  
Greece too hangs sorrowing o'er her Champion's Urn;  
But in her Warriors, lo! a kindling flame  
Bursts forth, augmenting from their deep concern,  
And whilst they mourn, their breasts with thirst of  
glory burn.

## VI.

Peace to the dead whose ashes here are laid  
To rest in silence, till Antiquity  
Question at length to whose illustrious shade  
These precious atoms claim affinity—  
Perchance shall some worn Pilgrim passing by,  
Collect those whitening relicts of decay.  
In some rude sculptur'd vase, and with a sigh  
Inscribe this simple epitaph, and say,  
“ These, these, were Byron's once, but he hath  
passed away.”

## VII.

The PILGRIM greets his desert home again,  
And trusts in peace to terminate his days.—  
But on his cheeks there is a deadly stain,  
Time shall not bleach, tranquillity erase—  
It is the scar of Desolation's blaze  
Stamped in the sweat of woe and agony.  
His worn emaciated form pourtrays,  
His dim glazed eye—his garb of poverty,  
His tottering gait, bespeaks the wreck of misery,

## VIII.

If not despair ; and yet he lives and breathes  
The breath of the contaminated mass,  
His fellow creatures. Though his bosom writhes  
Even to the pitch of madness, he alas !  
Feels to the heart-strings—yet he may not pass  
Death's gloomy portals.—Victims numberless  
Wither, as withers the untimely grass,  
Daily, nay hourly, round him.—Loveliness,  
Youth and old age, love, hate, the same dull bier  
must press.—

## IX.

And I return unto my lowly lay,  
Happy to lull my Spirit unto rest  
Ere its weak mansion crumble to decay,  
Sad food for reptiles of the sod unblest.—  
The Coffin creaks—the Grave reveals its breast ;  
The torch is flickering by the lonely pyre,  
Death whets his fangs to hail the coming feast ;  
A dirge rolls solemn o'er the funeral wire,  
And nightly orgies greet the fitting, phantom, choir.

## X.

"Dust unto dust"—Is it not written so?  
"Thy will be done"—accomplished be our doom.  
The song of joy shall drown the wail of woe,  
And pleasure guard the precincts of the Tomb.  
A brighter Sun has risen on our gloom,  
A brighter Day shall recompence the past;  
Let Death the silken reins of life consume—  
No longer let our brows be overcast:  
Hark to the rising shout, we triumph at the last.

## XI.

Oh what is life that we should court her here,  
Or bask in Nature's smile of loveliness?  
Alas! that smile, companion of a tear  
Beams but the prelude of its own distress,  
And yet for this faint glimpse of happiness,  
Men will toil on for ages; still content;  
Till in the world's most intricate wilderness,  
Fades the frail Dream's more fragile lineament,  
And in the vain pursuit their pilgrimage is spent.—

## XII.

Apart, on some green slope's sequester'd side  
Have you not seen in loveliest array  
The blushing wild-flower in young Summer's tide  
Open its bosom to the coming day ?  
A tear—the tribute of the morning grey  
Tufts its soft lips by softer beauties riven,  
And bathes it for a time ; till the next ray,  
Slanting, absorbs the dew-drop passion-driven,  
Fanned by the whispering gale, the silvery voice of  
Heaven.

## XIII.

Again ; and lo ! the unveil'd maiden flower,  
Robed in meridian loveliness more bright,  
Yields its full charms to that seducing hour—  
And sucks the breath of unalloy'd delight.—  
Swift fly the moments, when the varying light  
Tells in its blended streams of white and red  
That Evening strews her Roses for the night ;  
And thou fair flower must bend that graceful head  
And yield those fragrant leaves to grace the Sovereign's bed.

## XIV.

Is it not thus with life? alas! we spring  
Forth, as the flow'ret steeped in early dew,  
Whose sweets, the promise of its blossoming,  
Pay their gay homage to the Day-God due.  
Fair Childhood quits the stem on which it grew,  
To ripen into Youth's luxuriant swell,  
When Evening clothes it with her sicklier hue:  
At night a deep, reverberating knell  
Greets the low, listening winds, and sings Life's long  
farewell.

## XV.

Angel of Pity! Scion of a Tear,  
Thou who dost listen when the weary weep—  
Oh! by yon palely emanating Sphere  
Whose slant beam dances to the billow's leap;  
Let not compassion now for ever sleep  
Locked in the bosom, whence its silver leaf  
Puts forth its bud of gentleness, nor heap  
Despair, where thou may'st mitigate the grief,  
But to the stricken soul administer relief.—

## XVI.

Sweet are the drops which Beauty's lids distil,  
And fall like dew-gems shaken from fair flowers :  
Sweet is the shaft that wounds yet may not kill ;  
(The shaft of Love in Youth's own radiant bowers)—  
Sweet the remembrance of Youth's artless hours,  
When Friendship blushed not at the tale she wove—  
And sweet to whisper, when affliction lowers,  
The voice of comfort to the widowed Dove,  
But sweeter far than all, Heaven's pitying tear of  
Love.

## XVII.

And Hope ! fair sapling of immortal growth,  
Hast thou forgot the pleasing power to charm ?  
Dost thou, fair, gentle messenger of truth  
Start at the early footsteps of alarm ?  
Oh fly not yet—but rather haste to arm  
The feeble, e're the foe shall take the field,  
Spread o'er his brows thy ever blooming Palm,  
And in his front the Sacred Ensign wield  
A country's best defence—the Christian warrior's  
shield.—

## XVIII.

Yes thou shalt still be mine ! a glorious beam  
Rends the thick veil of darkness, and afar  
Scatters the dim phantasmas of life's dream  
Into their native chaos ! a new Star  
Lights us to triumph and to holy war :  
Hark to the Heavenly symphony begun !  
See the Messiah comes ! Death's icy bar  
Shivers, and the dark powers of Evil run,  
As lowering Mists dissolve before the approaching  
Sun.—

## XIX.

He comes indeed ! Redemption is at hand—  
Stand to your Posts—the day is ours—they fly ;  
Hope is our Captain—who shall then withstand  
The matchless force of Hope and Constancy ?—  
Wave the white banners to the winds on high ;  
Let the broad Sunbeam kiss their bright array—  
The mighty Poean rends the echoing sky—  
Creation fades—the Heavens pass away,  
And bright robed choirs proclaim the everlasting  
day.—



## XX.

But I am wandering on a Path divine,  
An endless labyrinth intercepts my view,  
Where shade and awe and mystery combine,  
And clouds on clouds accumulate anew  
It is in vain to strive—the sacred clue  
Eludes for aye the touch of hands prophane —  
Shall man the feeble, struggle to undo  
The links that bind him to his mortal pain ?  
'Tis God's and God's alone to cut the Gordian  
chain.—

## XXI.

Affection claims the tribute of my song ;  
Affection shares the innocent pursuit :  
The guileless fingers gently trill along,  
And aid the silvery musings of my lute.  
Fond flower ! at least thy seed hath taken root  
Amid life's dreary wilderness of care ;  
Lonely yet lovely, thou shalt still confute  
The Slanderer's breath that deems thee insincere,  
But whispering greet the good with heavenly pros-  
pects near.—

## XXII.

Oh Woman ! tis to thee affection clings :  
Sweet fountain—source of Happiness below  
At thy loved shrine the heart its homage flings,  
And breathes the tale of sentimental woe.  
If thou wert not ! Oh where the charm, the glow  
Of joy or love—with her soft friend desire  
Which soothes the weary Spirit in its flow.  
Oh ! what were life without this rare attire ?  
An Hermitage of care, and Man its lonely Sire.

## XXIII.

Yet why does Woman's beauty fade so soon ?  
More fleeting than the transitory cloud  
That hoists its thin sail to the Summer Moon—  
A moment—and Oblivion steals the Shroud—  
Ah ! wherefore does the Seraph-smiling croud,  
With all its charms thus suddenly decay—  
The Young, the Aged, the Lovely, and the Proud  
Awake the sound of chearfulness to day ;  
To morrow they fall sick—droop—wither fast away !

## XXIV.

In Woman's breast, than Parian stone more white,  
Inurned the lamp of Virtue burns unseen  
In Woman's breast, Elysium of delight,  
That fadeless orb hath ever shone serene—  
And sure no fairer tenement had been  
No lovelier empire for such spotless reign—  
'Tis hence our mortal atoms beauty glean ;  
'Tis hence the structure tower's without a stain ;  
'Tis here fond Virtue rears her consecrated Fane.—

## XXV.

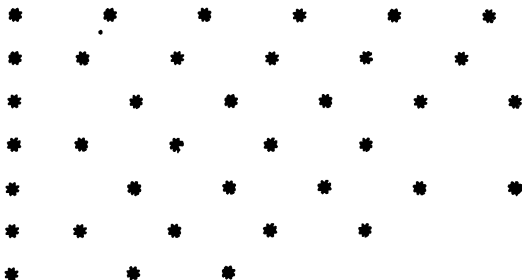
Is it not thus? or is my fancy straying  
Truant from Truth in some romantic vision?  
It may be so—yet fiction still arraying  
The mould of Beauty in a garb Elysian  
Wills it and stamps with fondness her decision—  
So I submit—and to her gentle voice  
My Muse acknowledges a due contrition  
And bids me draw the Picture and rejoice :  
Oh ! be it far from me to wrong her faëry choice.

## XXVI.

And yet another and another hue,  
 The portrait sure can never be too fair,  
 Though to the Painter's skill much praise accrue,  
 The subject still deteriorates compare :  
 Pity that it should be such fragile ware.  
 But mark the central lamp that burned before  
 Still burns unchanged ; but its immortal glare  
 Consumes the vase that held its hallowed store,  
 Unquench'd, undampt, undimmed, though Beauty  
     lives no more.

## XXVII.

Hence Beauty falls an early sacrifice  
 To Vice too oft and its concomitants ;



## XXVIII.

Oh Woman ! dearest ! blessings be on thee ;—  
How lovely 'tis to blend thee with my line.  
Nought like my feeble stanzas flow more free,  
When offered warmly, sigh-breathed at thy shrine.  
My love hath paid thee attributes divine,  
My heart hath worshipp'd thee beyond love's measure.  
But prayers, and tears, and sacrifice are thine,  
And the full soul will waste its sweetest treasure  
To snatch one glance from thee, one stolen glance of  
    pleasure.

## XXIX.

It was but now I left my young Muse weeping,  
Yecrowned with cypress leaves and faded posies  
And I have caught the truant maiden sleeping,  
Frail as her Nature, mid a bed of Roses.  
Awake my fair, awake—that blush discloses  
All and enough ! those swollen drops that burn !  
The spot, where Beauty all confess'd reposes,  
Moves me—then let us innocently turn  
The page of Childhood—Youth—nor pass the Pil-  
grim's Urn.

## XXX.

Mid the soft hum of murmuring Cascades,  
Topped by a Forest's elevated mound,  
Whose brow enveloped in eternal shades,  
The shock of tempests—ages had embrowned,  
Sleeps a lone spot of unfrequented ground—  
And long forgotten—wasted and apart,  
Where silence stalks in gloominess profound :  
And scarce companioned, here the Sylvan Hart  
Sips the untroubled brook, nor fears the Hunter's  
    dart.

## XXXI.

Deep in a nook of that sequester'd glen  
Wreathed in the tresses of its woodland wild,  
Retiring' from the glance of foreign ken,  
A rustic cottage innocently smiled.  
Happy I ween its inmates ; sweet and mild  
Must be their lives, to tenderness devote.  
Here bloomed the musk-rose, and here oft beguiled,  
The pensive Nightingale on spray remote,  
Poured on the evening breeze her melancholy note.

## XXXII.

Its name hath fled ! its memory lost to all ;  
Save the sad PILGRIM ; who in gloomier hours  
Will oft that scene of Happiness recall—  
Ay ! when the bitterness of Fortune lowers  
And robs his reason of her nobler powers ;  
Still will he fancy-led in silence gaze  
On scenes of lost delight—on those sweet bowers  
Whose dear remembrance time cannot erase,  
Nor plunge from out his soul in dark oblivion's maze.

## XXXIII.

His brain was fire—and oftimes would he start  
At sickly fancy's sicklier phantasies.  
The morning's freshness could not charm *his* heart  
Nor wake *him* to its odorous extacies :  
Still would a fiend before his view arise  
And howl into his ears, and grin, and gnash  
Its haggard tooth, and roll its bloodshot eyes ;  
While round him waves of flame would roar and dash,  
Where shrieks and yells resound, and lash re-echoes  
lash.

## XXXIV.

But when the softer hour of Evening smiled,  
Shedding its balm o'er many a mountain glen,  
Then would he sit all tranquil ; and beguiled  
His weary moments with his fellow men—  
'Twas but an hour of blessedness ; and when  
Some sudden thought flash'd darkly o'er his brain  
Swift would he hasten to his gloomy den,  
And strive that peace of mind once more to gain :  
Loathing the sight of man who brought him all this  
pain.

## XXXV.

Here midst fair Nature's loveliest solitudes  
Venanzio and his Rosalie had sought  
That happiness on which no care obtrudes—  
And from their own imaginations caught  
The nameless charm, which in our bosoms wrought  
Can lend its smile to deserts, and impart  
Its witching softness—Ay ! one freshening thought  
Can soothe the troubled pulses of the heart  
And give to darker hours its all-enlightening art.



## XXXVI.

And Julia was the Scion of their Love :  
Ah ! lovely bud of mutual tenderness,  
Fain would my memory still fondly rove  
O'er woodland glades thy image seem'd to bless.  
Fain would I picture all that sweet excess  
Of maiden modesty, which blended still  
With fitting pride, became thy loveliness.  
And sweet thy gentle voice along the hill—  
When murmur'd every brook, and softly sighed each  
rill.

## XXXVII.

Not far remov'd—perch'd on the haughty crest  
Of a rude mountain crag, whose rocky base  
Black forest trees and gloomy shades carest,  
There stood a tower of eld ; here may you trace  
Turret and bastion—and in that deep space  
Where now the ivy creeps and lichens grey  
Sleep o'er the ruins which a warlike race  
Had rear'd mid trophies proud and banners gay,  
The draw-bridge usher'd forth its panoply'd array.

## XXXVIII.

In this stern bulwark of the days gone by,  
Cesario, relic of a race, ( whose bright  
Existence, like a meteor in the Sky,  
Flash'd brighter from its swiftness ; bearing light  
And splendor, where upon the aching sight  
Beam'd its refulgence )—o'er the wide domain  
Bore lordly sway—and many a gallant Knight  
Here pricked his barbed steed along the Plain  
And in the Courtly Joust high honor sough to gain.

## XXXIX.

Pause we awhile—mine is a fitful tale  
And oftimes will my young muse wildly stray,  
And hoist her thin sail to the summer gale,  
And sweetly sleep beneath the noontide ray,  
Alas ! I may not fashion visions gay,  
But if some ears have listened to my lays  
And harkened to this wayward roundelay  
With aught of pleasure and with aught of praise,  
“ The world will find me after many days.”

## XL.

Oh Woman ! with thy much lov'd name again  
I close these simple stanzas—and to thee  
I dedicate my muse—but if a strain  
Of overwrought imagination be  
Contained in this fond sigh to memory :  
Smile not in scorn—for 'tis thy loveliness  
That sends thy Poet to the World, as free  
As sporting Zephyr's to the flower's caress,  
For I have sunned my heart in thy sweet tenderness.

**End of Canto First.**



**MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,**  
**ON**  
**SEVERAL OCCASIONS.**



## A TEAR TO MEMORY.

---

### I.

The Sun hath sunk ; and silence softly spreads  
Her perfum'd pinions, slumbering o'er the deep ;  
Hushing the world to rest ; and twilight sheds  
A mystic veil encircling glen and steep  
Within its dark embraces.—Breezes sweep  
Whispering their fairy tales through gardens mild  
Where moss-grown rose and clustering woodbine  
    sleep,  
Blushing unseen within recesses wild,  
On whose bespangled heads scarce yet two Suns  
    have smiled.

## II.

The Sun hath sunk ; and Hesper's golden Star  
Re-opes his tearful eyelids, as the night  
Rolls slowly onwards, gathering from afar  
Deeper and deeper shadows : vapors light,  
Incumbent, wing a dim uncertain flight  
By the thin air upborne ; and yonder, view  
Just bursting through the trees, serenely bright,  
Fair Cynthia dawn from out her palace blue,  
To run her silvery course and lovelier scenes renew.

## III.

Night waves her magic wand, and nought is heard  
Save a low murmuring 'midst the woods remote  
Lonely and sad ; it is the summer bird  
Tuning anew her sweet inspiring throat  
To tell out all her woes ; and well each note  
Bespeaks her widowed bosom ; far away  
Those gentle sounds more swiftly seem to float,  
Moved by the wandering winds which lingering sta  
And listen to repeat her lovelorn roundelay.



## IV.

Sweet Warbler of the woods ! thy tale is sad,  
In melancholy rapture wildly given :  
And yet I would not wish to have it glad,  
Thus streaming on the midnight air of Heaven :  
No ! though thy little heart by sorrow driven  
Should nearly sink beneath its load of care,  
I scarce could wish it less severely riven  
Nor pour forth one short sympathizing prayer,  
Or shed one pitying drop to soothe such sweet  
despair.

## V.

The song has ceased ; for lo ! the solemn hour,  
When deepest night maintains her grisly spell,  
Has chimed from out yon shade embosom'd tow'r  
In slow sepulchral tones which darkly tell  
A thousand tales upon their echoing swell ;  
Of death and joy and sorrow, strangely bound  
Within that iron tongue's mysterious knell  
Vibrating on the stillness all around ;  
For as each bosom feels, so speaks that heavy sound.

## VI.

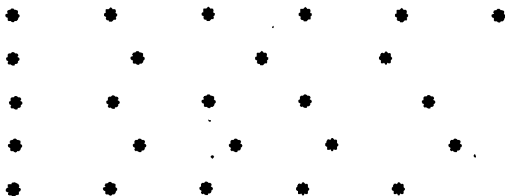
On mine it sinks in sadness ; loud and stern,  
And seems to summon me to that dread goal  
From whence no weary Pilgrim may return ;  
And soon I must depart and soon shall roll  
The tide of Freedom o'er my fetter'd soul—  
Till then, I still must wander thro' the gloom  
Of human ills and feel their dark control,  
And pine away beneath an early doom,  
Unpitied pine perhaps, unpitied seek the tomb.

## VII.

Is there, oh ! is there, e'en a single ray  
( In this dark world of misery and wee )  
Of light to cheer life's thorn entangled way  
Or one brief hour of happiness below ?  
Alas I know not—shall I ever know  
The joy of Peace, when hope on *Earth* is fled ;  
Or taste the sweets of rapture here below  
Like dew upon life's early blossoms shed ?  
No I shall sorrow still, though e'en the cause be  
dead !

## VIII.

Yet still I live and live ! and still there springs  
A deadlier gloom within my sinking heart—



At this lone hour of wretchedness combined,  
The funeral dirge of Hope, the winter of the mind.

## IX.

Alas the changes of this mortal life  
To me appear a dull unvaried scene ;  
With cold consuming sadness only rife ,  
And all the many cares that intervene ;  
And glaring like a Basilisk between  
With haggard looks and quick uneven gait  
Despair's dread phantom every where is seen  
On each pale brow to cloister ; soon or late  
Must come our firmest friend inevitable Fate.

## X.

Not far from hence, amidst o'erhanging trees  
 There is a sweet and solitary spot,  
 Close shelter'd from the Sun and sultry breeze :  
 And here you might have traced the fairy grot  
 Of some young Dryad Nymph, though long forgot  
 Amid the darker ages that had been.  
 And save that here and there was faintly shot  
 A ray of light, from out the foliage green,  
 The place was almost dark, so dim were objects seen.

## XI.

'Twas here that I would linger for awhile  
 To meditate in secret on the past—  
 A blest retreat, that almost might beguile  
 E'en sorrow's self, however overcast :  
 And wake a gleam of comfort at the last  
 In any heart but mine.—Again, again,

\* \* \* \*

I would in this lone wilderness complain  
 Yet feel the maddening truth that all my tears were  
 vain.

XII.

And Day succeeded Day—*one after one,*  
 Came and departed—I did see them sink  
 Impatiently, but ever and anon,  
 As life decaying slowly link by link  
 Appeared to bring me closer on the brink  
 Of Fate's drear home, a gloomy pleasure rose  
 Within my soul, and I did thirst to drink  
 Oblivion's hallowed waters of repose  
 And with one cooling draught to blot out all my  
 woes.—

XIII.

Thus passed a little space, but ah ! how slow  
 And tediously the moments seemed to glide ;  
 Still hanging on, as they would never go  
 To cast their streams unto the water's wide  
 Of Time's unseen immeasurable tide.  
 Whilst nought of Hope illum'd the heavy hours,  
 Though blushing sweets upsprung on every side ;  
 Unheeded still the beauty of those flowers,  
 For I was still alone, and sad the sweetest bowers.

## XIV.

And I have left the spot that could not cheer  
A heart that shunned its beautiful caress  
Without a pang, without a farewell tear,  
Without a look of parting tenderness ;  
And aye again the bashful wilderness  
Smiles in its bloom unknowing of decay :  
And hark ! the tale of utter hopelessness,  
That there was wont to wear the hours away,  
Is told unto the night which erst was heard by day.

## XV.

There is methinks a melancholy balm,  
That pours its influence on the midnight air ;  
Arising from the deep unbroken calm  
That reigns despotic in its silence there,  
Diffusing wide a fragrance rich and rare :  
Such as the Sylvan Nymphs in days of yore  
Might joy to taste, whose light and only care  
To cull the Garden's perfume-breathing store,  
And crown their Fairy Queen who well those chap-  
lets wore.

## XVI.

'Tis said that at this interval of rest  
The dead do wander forth upon the gale,  
To hold their darkling revel-rites unblest  
With hideous laugh or loud unearthly wail :  
And Ghosts are seen with aspects stern and pale,  
In flowing shrouds uprising from the earth,  
To lead the mystic dance or pass the tale  
With fiendish shouts of desolating mirth ;  
A ghastly group condemned, that claims Tartarean  
birth.

## XVII.

How many miles withhold me from the land  
Where I did joy in infancy to rove,  
By freshening breezes from the ocean fanned,  
'Mongst arching rocks, and many a scented grove,  
Where flowret here and there a couch had wove ;  
With skill untaught save but by nature's voice,  
Beneath the shadow of a Mother's love,  
Who still was there the teacher of my choice,  
And bade my youthful heart with rapture's self re-  
joice.

## XVIII.

I may not count the fascinating charms  
Which virtue sheds o'er that endearing name ;  
I may not paint the fondness of those arms  
Which nursed my young existence into flame :  
The tenderness that ever was the same,  
When health's bright sunshine in its zenith shone ;  
Or when pale sickness languishingly came :  
To soothe the grief of her afflicted one,  
And dry the gushing tear, e're half its course was  
run.

## XIX.

Perchance my Mother rests beneath the shade,  
In this calm season of the summer moon ;  
Perchance e'er now her gentle head is laid  
( To reap the joys of sleep's delicious boon )  
Light pressing on her pillow.—Brightly soon  
The sun shall break from out the circling haze ;  
And all the beauties of the blue-eyed June  
Shall burst from out the universal blaze  
And all again be fair beneath those genial rays.



## XX.

Sleep softly then my Mother at this hour ;  
Bright fountain of my love securely sleep,  
Whilst darkness holds its visionary pow'r :  
And o'er thy gentle slumbers, long and deep,  
May guardian angels thy sweet vigils keep ;  
Soothing with tender care, life's turbid streams :  
And on thine eyelids tears of rapture weep,  
And Heaven diffuse its sympathising beams  
Soft rolling o'er thy soul its bright Elysian dreams.

## XXI.

And oh ! ye winds, that wander thro' the waste,  
Distilling sweets of Eastern origin :  
Fly to my peaceful home, in pity haste,  
Ere yet of life's awakening scenes the din,  
In all its morning revelry begin ;  
Where spotless virtue sleeps in softest guise :  
Whilst nought disturbs the quiet from within ;  
And all is still beneath the cloudless skies,  
This tender message bear through twilight's dim  
disguise,

## XXII.

Tell her, oh ! tell her with what fond regret  
I pressed her to my bosom's last embrace :  
And Lara, Lara, never will forget  
The tenderness that kindled in her face,  
Beyond expression's eloquence to trace,  
When heart met heart within its warm caress.  
Nor time nor absence ever may deface  
Her image from my soul, for scarce I guess  
That Death, that Death itself can change such Love's  
excess.

## XXIII.

My Father too ! oh spread your fragrant wings,  
And on his tranquil slumbers gently fall,  
And whispering low a thousand tender things,  
In soothing accents sweetly musical,  
The brightest hours of Happiness recall  
From recollection's legendary store :  
And may no evil Destiny befall  
His breast, but where sweet peace is wanting, pour  
Its fairest, fondest beams more lovely than before.

## XXIV.

Dearest of all the world ! my prayer shall be  
From day to day—nor have I been remiss—  
And may the warmth of my sincerity,  
Plead in my cause, if I have done amiss,  
That Heaven's choicest radiance of bliss  
May gild each moment with a brighter cast,  
(If joy there be in such a world as this)  
And the fair present recompense the past,  
And each succeeding year prove happier than the  
last.

## XXV.

Aye ! and ye shall be blest ! if my poor prayers  
Have aught of weight or influence above :  
And blest shall be your future coming years  
In all the mutual tenderness of love.  
That cannot die, but deeply interwove  
Within each heart (the sweetest of our flowers)  
Shall soar triumphant like the constant Dove  
Of Peace, and when Affliction sadly lowers  
The olive branch still bear, amidst Life's darkest  
hours.—

## XXVI.

And ye shall be my light (if light be left)  
To guide me through the dangers I must pass  
Lost as I am, of every hope bereft,  
Till Life shall fade away, like as the grass  
Withers, when gathered from its parent mass,  
And dies beneath the Sun-beams parched and curled ;  
So shall I sink decaying ; yet alas !  
Though tempests all around are thickly hurled,  
My heart shall still be yours, untainted by the world.

## XXVII.

Day is at hand ! the night is nearly spent,  
And Cynthia wanes, that late so brightly shone  
Hesper has vanished quite : each blandishment,  
That smiled amidst the darkness, one by one  
Grows fainter—feebler—struggles—and is gone !  
Yes they are all departed—I must go  
Again unto my couch, ere yet the morn  
Shine in its full born glory, and bestow  
New life to all mankind.—To sleep perchance?—  
Ah no.

## XXVIII.

Farewell sweet Night! alas we only part  
To-morrow again in grieving beyond measure—  
To thee alone the fulness of my heart  
Is poured, (and occupies my hours of leisure,)  
Which now is dead to every burst of pleasure.  
Again adieu, fair partner of my sorrow,  
And from thy hoards of peace and golden treasure  
Oh that I might—but no!—I may not borrow  
One little spark of Hope to gild the coming morrow.



# **MINOR POEMS.**





## EVENING.

## 1.

The sun beams were fading in gentle confusion  
And softly reclined on the watery plain  
Where their beauties lay scatter'd in varied profusion  
Now shining profusely, then faintly again.

## 2.

Ah ! wherefore such hue with its sweet agitation  
That lights up those rays with a lovelier glow ?  
Oh say is it envy or fond adoration,  
From whence these fair blushes expressively flow ?

## 3.

'Tis the deep die of Friendship thus radiantly streaming  
Which the Day-God of Summer just sinking to rest,  
Pours forth on the earth in his majesty, beaming  
Adieu to the world, in the arms of the west.

## 4.

I heard a soft melody, plaintively stealing  
Distill'd by the breezes with perfumes above,  
Like the first dawn of passion in Woman appealing,  
In silver-toned vows to the altar of Love.

## 5.

'Twas the voice of the Evening, pensively sighing,  
The loss of the sun from her scent-bearing bed ;  
For her fragrance was wasting, her beauties were dying  
As the shadows of night gather'd over her head.

## 6.

I felt a cool moisture the light air pervading,  
When the music had melted away on my ears ;  
It was Evening the grief of her bosom unlading  
As she sadly dissolved in a shower of tears.

## LINES ON THE BURIAL OF A POOR GIRL.

## I.

They bore her to her cold and *shallow* grave  
Amidst a train of Scoffers—silently  
I mark'd the death Bell sweep along the wave,  
And sink dissolved by distance in a sigh.

## 2.

The Evening shone all lovely ; thro' the trees,  
A melancholy Music softly ran  
Filling the space with perfumes—'twas the breeze,  
Lamenting o'er the destiny of man.

## 3.

Solemn their pace—Hypocrisy their guide  
As through the echoing aisle they slowly tread,  
Striving beneath a pious look to hide  
Their scarce suppressed derision from their God.

## 4.

Poor desolate girl ! how soon thy sun hath set  
Deep in the clouds by tempests early riven ;  
Lonely and sad, thy days with tears were wet  
Till thy fair Spirit sought its native Heaven.—

## 5.

They laid her in the Earth—again on high  
The death-bell pealed ! I saw a sudden fear  
Spread o'er their features pale, but not an eye  
Paid her the silent tribute of a tear !

## 6.

Methought that on that last departing knell  
I heard a voice in silvery tones prolong  
A requiem to her soul, and whispering tell  
Of joys that to a future state belong.

## 7.

They closed the tomb upon her, as she lay  
In pallid stillness, and with cautious breath  
They motioned to depart in haste away,  
And there they left her to repose—in Death.

## 8.

I wept, but not in sorrow, for I thought  
When the drear grave enclosed its peaceful guest,  
An Heavenly Host descending, fondly caught  
And bore the gentle maiden to her rest,

**LINES COMPOSED IN DAWLISH CHURCH-YARD,  
DEVON—AT MIDNIGHT.**

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**I.**

Here let me pause a moment; whilst the Moon  
Sweet Night's fair Sister, now so blushing  
Opens her bosom to the soft wind, strewn  
With scented treasure and wild melody :  
And silver Stars beaming, her Temple nigh,  
Like nuptial torches at the wedding time,  
People the azure meadows of the Sky  
Whose circling orbs more sweetly seem to chime  
To blend their young Queen's praise attuned with  
Spheric rhyme.

## II.

This is a cold and melancholy spot  
That sadly grasps within its greedy span  
A thousand charms perchance now long forgot.  
And here the sympathising mind may scan  
Those simple Epitaphs bestowed on Man,  
Which shew how deadly our first parents doom  
Entailed misfortune, gathering as it ran,  
And cast around our narrow life a gloom,  
Which damps our joys on Earth and follows to the  
Tomb.

## III.

For though a beam of sunshine may diffuse  
A brightening prospect for a single day ;  
Another comes as quickly to abuse  
The confidence we rested in its ray,  
And hearts are cold and mould'ring into clay,  
Which once with love and virtue proudly glowed,  
Too soon from Friendship's bosom snatched away  
To Death's unhallowed, darkly drear abode,  
For whose untimely fate a sea of tears hath flowed.

## IV.

Stay ! let me read : a Female's tomb is here,  
With stones the whitest, purest, simply laid ;  
As if those stones themselves had nestled there,  
And sought retirement beneath the shade  
Of spreading elm trees, which an arch had made  
To shelter that dear spot so sad and wild  
Where a fond Father's footsteps oft have strayed.  
Weep, weep, old Man of every joy despoil'd ;  
Flower of thine hope on Earth ! here rests thy only  
child.

## V.

Full many a wreath hath deck'd her lonely grave :  
And many a tear by Friendship fondly given,  
Hath told her loss, alas ! too late to save  
That life from Earth by bitter sickness driv'n  
To seek unfading Peace and rest in Heav'n  
And she was of the loveliest ; and when fell  
The curtain of young life so early riv'n,  
And Pity told her last and solemn knell,  
Hush'd was the voice of mirth and pleasure bade  
farewell.



## VI.

And thus it is ! the fairest flowers, that twine  
Around loved nature's ruby studded zone  
Their fragrant fingers ; innocently shine  
To day in love—to morrow are they gone ?  
And is she weeping by herself alone ?  
How sad the scene ! yet aye how sweet the past !  
Alone perpetuates their place a stone ;  
When " Dust to dust " o'er our repose is cast  
For death will surely come and seize his prey at last.

**THE VICTIM OF MISERY.**  

---

**1.**

Daughter of Poverty ! wasted with misery,  
Famished and spent dost thou wander forlorn ;  
No friend to pity thee, no home to shelter thee  
Gloomy thy days and the days that are gone.

**2.**

Dark is thine history, clouded with mystery,  
Weary of life so deserted and drear :  
Rayless thy path shall be, cheerless thine heart shall  
be,  
Troubled and care-worn thy pilgrimage here.

## 3.

Dim are thine heavy eyes, sunken their lustre lies ;  
Matted and soiled thy thick tresses appear :  
Pale are thine hollow cheeks thro' which affliction  
speaks  
Volumes of sorrow too poignant to bear.

## 4.

Child, by Despondency nurtur'd from Infancy !  
Come and repose in my bosom thy grief :  
Hard though thy fate may be, marked by calamity,  
Can I not give thee some timely relief.

## 5.

Hoarse howls the rising blast, nigh spreads her curtain fast,  
Loudly the Storm-Spirit shrieks in the West :  
Here shalt thou softly sleep ; Angels their watch  
shall keep  
Pillowed in safety, from danger at rest.

## 6.

Haste then to come to me, Child of Adversity ;  
Stay not, but fly in my bosom to dwell :  
Brightly our days shall glide, in sweetest union tied ;  
Haste thee to rest, and bid sorrow farewell.

## 7.

She comes not ! she speaks not ! oh Daughter, sweet  
Daughter !  
Nay answer me dearest, I pray thee again.  
Oh ! see, she sinks shivering, livid and quivering,  
Alas my fond prayers ! they are echoed in vain.

## THE PRIDE OF GLANRAFON.

## 1.

Weep maid of Glanrafon ! thy false love is straying,  
Regardless of thee to some happier shrine ;  
Where softly and gaily, his vows he is paying,  
Whilst thou art condemned in thy Beauty pine.

## 2.

Oh ! sad is thy fate, and forsaken, and dreary,  
Thy days will pass heavily shrouded in gloom :  
Till worn with affliction, heart broken and weary,  
Thy fair frame shall sleep in a premature tomb.

Sweet Maiden ! how oft when the moon beams were  
glowing

I've mark'd thee to wander in sorrow alone  
On Towy's fair banks, when the bright waters flowing  
In sympathy seemed to re-echo thy moan.

How oft in the night when the lightnings were  
glancing

And loudly the thunder rolled clattering along,  
I have seen thee all pale and dishevell'd advancing  
To burden the winds with thy desolate song.

There's a spot steep and lonely by trees darkly shaded  
To which thy fond footsteps would frequently stray,  
Where nodding with age and with Ivy thick braided  
Dark Dynevor's dungeons in dampness decay.

It was here once in Summer, on wild flowr's reposing,  
Soft fanned by the breezes which languidly sighed  
"A farewell to Peace" when thy Lover disclosing  
His passion, first woe'd thee with tears as his bride.

And sweet was that spot : when in smiles and  
delighted,

Young love timed the hours ; but soon in dismay  
Dropped a tear of regret when those false vows were  
plighted,

Then shook his bright wings and fled sadly away !

He fled ! and alas ! as the fair Vision vanished  
Hope withering sank, and the Phantom Despair  
Uprose from the ruins of Happiness banished  
And fixed his dread station in loneliness there.

**THE DREAM OF A MANIAC****WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN.**

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**I.**

Methought I stood upon the verge of Hell,  
And gazed in silence on that gulph below,  
Whose depths unlimited, unpitying, tell  
A dismal tale of horror and of woe,  
Replete with guilt and crime, whence darkly flow  
From out the flood-gates of eternal fire  
Ten thousand thunders, scattering as they go,  
Oceans of blood, and brimstone flaming dire,  
And sad unearthly cries of torture—grief—desire !

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## 2.

And still I gazed transfixed with deadly fear  
And fascination—here perpetual night  
Reigned with a noisome darkness, far and near,  
Which the blue, sulphurous, unhallowed light  
Rendered more dark, and blackening seemed to blight  
That very chaos ; thrilling thro' the soul  
Hush'd all humanity, and scared the shrinking sight,  
With seared and shatter'd form, and hideous dole,  
While hissings, lightnings, shrieks in one dread cho-  
rus roll.

## 3.

Then on a sudden from the dark abyss  
Issued a deepening murmur of despair ;  
Could the last trump more fearful be than this ?  
It could not ! living death was mingled there ;  
And higher, higher with portentous glare  
Rushed the red ocean on ; and to my view  
The fiery billows seemed as though they were  
Each, freighted with a soul ; a ghastly hue  
Sate on each grisly face and mark'd the Hell-born  
crew.

## 4.

They sank ; and then methought a sullen sound  
Reverberating hollowly, (where stood  
My trembling feet,) incarcerated, wound  
'Mongs't caverns like the bursting mountain flood  
And said, in hideous laughter, half subdued  
That fell like bolts of thunder on mine ears :  
“ Behold thy fate, now in thy savage mood ”  
“ In this thy certain Destiny appears ”  
“ And thou shalt be our own within a few short  
years.”

## 5.

A silence follow'd—yet that silence seem'd  
More horrible than those mysterious things  
Which had been utter'd, and again there stream'd  
Flashes of poison'd light which fell like stings  
Upon my fainting soul's dark visionings.  
When lo ! a Voice sepulchral seem'd to say,  
Mingled with fiendish shouts and revellings,  
“ Thine hour is come ! thy last ! away ; away ! ”  
I shriek'd aloud ; awoke—the vision passed—'twas  
day.

THE DIRGE; OR,  
A LAMENT ON BEAUTY PASSED AWAY.

---

Hail Night! thou sweet and melancholy hour!  
Amidst thy tempest witcheries, bedight  
In all that pomp and elemental pow'r  
That bursts triumphing on a stormy night;  
And visions wander on my aching sight;  
Troubled and sad, they tell me of the grave,  
That sordid shroud of Beauty's hallowed light,  
And a fair flower that nature could not save  
From Death's destroying hand, and Time's unpitying  
wave.

And in a dark recess, methinks I see  
Within its gloom a gloomier shadow pent;  
It is not of the brain a phantasy,  
For I can trace the form and lineament  
Of features, that have lost their blandishment  
Through deep excess of grief; with tresses wild,  
Cloth'd in Despair's morose habiliment,  
Of every hope of Happiness despoil'd,  
A frantic Mother sits lamenting o'er her child.

Weep on! to thee no brighter hour remains,  
No after joy to soothe thee or to cheer;  
And though *two others* share thy kindred veins  
Yet will life still a wilderness appear,  
With nought of comfort left, and tear on tear  
Shall follow close, but never can recall  
Her sainted Spirit whom you lov'd so dear,  
On whose pale corse now rests the dusky pall,  
For Ellen was to thee the fairest flower of all.

Hushed are those beauteous lips that once had mov'd  
 More sweetly than the streamlet's murmuring sound,  
 Whose harshest syllables were form'd of love  
 And on each heart involuntary wound :  
 And still that gentle breast ; so wont to bound  
 With youthful energy's elastic swell ;  
 Sad is the scene, and tears are shed around,  
 And sobs whose echoes scarcely bid farewell  
 When comes the heavy task to ring her parting knell.

And Ellen sleeps within the dreary tomb  
 Deeply and darkly pillowed in her rest ;  
 And though the depth of the surrounding gloom  
 May veil the beauties of its fairer guest,  
 Yet is she lovely still.—No cares infest  
 Her peaceful bosom now ; but she is gone  
 To dwell with angels in her MAKER's breast :  
 A flowret from its stem too early torn,  
 Sweetest of Nature's buds, a Rose without a thorn.

Yes she is gone ! Alas ! the young and fair  
Fade with the old, all equal in decay :  
But might not Death have spared a gem so rare,  
To blossom on the Earth another day,  
Ere yet he bore his precious charge away ?  
Oh Ellen—Ellen—when I fared thee well,\*  
I knew not that a bosom then so gay  
Thus soon would slumber, and its gentle swell  
Be hush'd in silent Death, that Death alone could  
quell.

The Rose has wither'd, and its soft excess  
Of perfumed Beauty, that so brightly beam'd  
Amidst the garden's varied loveliness,  
Has lost its fragrance, when I scarce had deem'd  
That it had burst its dew-bud ; for it seem'd  
But young—and has it perished in its leaf ?  
Too sure it has.—The radiance that gleam'd  
And darted through its sweetness, was but brief,  
And fading left behind a wilderness of grief.

I saw a Lily—'twas of all the plain  
The fairest and the sweetest—and its lip  
Was tufted with a dew-drop, which the rain  
Of Evening's mild tear, had left to dip  
Its virgin bosom, where it seemed to slip,  
Half melting, down; and now a busy band  
Of Bees had gather'd round, prepared to sip  
The nectar'd kisses from its beauty bland—  
When lo! a sudden storm—'tis number'd with the  
sand!!

And thus has Ellen perished in her prime,  
When Beauty smil'd in innocence and joy—  
Her Spirit wanders in another clime,  
Where Hope is Peace and pleasures never cloy,  
And human ills may work her no annoy :  
And there she dwells where Virtue truly goes  
And glory reigns untainted by alloy ;  
For God shall calm the anguish of her woes  
And hush her single heart beneath a long repose.—

Poor, hapless Mother ! days and months and years  
Shall come, depart, return—but to thy heart,  
Consumed with watchings and with silent fears,  
There comes no ray of Hope that may impart  
Its healing balm to mitigate the smart  
That Death hath planted in its bitter hate,  
And never may the strength of human art  
Remove that sting—but all is desolate  
When once is writ our doom within the book of  
Fate. ‡

And have I nought for thee, heart broken one !  
To soothe thy wild and agonizing woe  
Beside the deep despair I may not shun  
But with each moment seems more dark to grow  
Step after step with measur'd pace and slow ?  
And to thy bosom that hath lov'd so true  
No little word of comfort to bestow ?  
No tender tribute to compassion due ?  
Yes ! I have yet a tear and that shall flow for you.



It is the latest token I may give,  
The last sad pledge of Pity's fond regret  
That I have still remaining, for I live  
Beneath my own consuming sorrows wet,  
But never may I that sweet time forget  
When first I saw thine Ellen. Softly tell,  
Oh tell me weary mourner, may I yet  
Preserve that tear, a requiem-breathing spell  
To drop it on the tomb of her you lov'd so well.

And this is life ! is life ! The very breath  
Of all our hopes and follies here on Earth,  
To which we spring in extasy—but Death  
Rises beneath the fiction—in its birth  
Coëval with our own—to day is mirth  
The Captain of our joy's festivity  
To morrow we are gone—a gloomy dearth  
Alone is glaring from each haggard eye  
That speaks of Beauty—Youth—too soon condemn'd  
to die.

Such is the world ! some say that pleasures find  
A sweet asylum here—'tis false ! and shews  
The emptiness and folly of mankind  
Who in a sunny moment of repose,  
Thinks himself happy ; such indeed are those  
That reckless of the past or future pain,  
Upon their own credulity impose  
By raising empty visions of the brain  
Which only burst to life to prove that they are vain !

Thus Life is death ! for life that yesterday  
Put forth its little bud in Beauty's mould  
To day half opens ; and men fondly say,  
"A lovely flower shall presently unfold."  
To morrow comes, and wither'd, pale and cold  
Stretch'd on the spot from whence so late it sprung  
Lies Beauty low—a simple tale is told  
Carved on a stone above it sadly flung  
" Oh ! might not Death have spared a plant so fair  
and young !! "

Ah me! there comes into my dreaming soul  
Now as I write, a bright and sudden flash;  
And dark oblivion's shadows seem to roll  
Passing away before the bitter lash  
Of recollection, that re-opes a gash  
Which time had nearly heal'd.—But Death, who gave  
The cureless wound and desolating crash  
Of hopes now darkly center'd in the grave,  
Hath burst the brazen chain, that bound me else his  
slave.

Too well I recollect in days gone by  
Amid the blossomings of early youth,  
(Ah why do days like these so swiftly fly?)  
I had a Sister! oh she was in sooth  
A lovely girl—and on her forehead Truth  
Sat pencill'd in the fairest lines of light  
That sweetness ever wore; and no uncouth  
Or darker passion shed a moment's blight  
O'er Beauty's golden Throne where Virtue shone  
most bright.

And——was at home the boast and pride  
Amongst her gentle Sisters—for they pressed  
The palm on her, when all were fair beside  
The young the lovely, blessing and caressed  
And in her bosom whom they lov'd the best,  
They joy'd to rear affection's tender tree,  
And soon it budded in her Virgin breast  
As in a garden bright, and verdantly,  
Amidst its thousand charms, as fair as fair might  
be.—

So——grew, and softer infancy  
Had passed to sweeter childhood, and there came  
Gently across her dark bewitching eye  
A far more eloquently kindling flame ;  
Then childhood vanished, and a dearer name  
Gilded her opening Beauty, and there stole  
All languishingly o'er her tender frame  
That sentimental loftiness of soul  
Which tells of Virtue, Truth, beyond the world's  
control.—

"She walked in Beauty" and her lovely face  
Beam'd with the charms within, e'en as it were  
An index of her passions which gave place  
To modesty, and that endearing air  
Of tenderness and love \* (and free from care)  
Which is the boast of Woman ; and she smiled  
Beautifully, and *then* appeared more fair ;  
E'en such a smile had Stoic's heart beguiled,  
And turn'd to Paradise the most unlovely wild.—

Oh ! wherefore was a form so beautiful,  
So fragile, and so sweet, thus early doom'd  
To perish when its golden leaf was full  
Of all that ever human life illum'd ?  
And Innocence that so serenely bloom'd,  
Ah ! wherefore thus so quickly torn away ?  
Might not its beauties still have been entombed  
At some more distant and less sunny day ?  
Ere yet in grisly death was quench'd its soft array.

Death linger'd in that transitory smile  
Rejoicing sullenly ; he only kept  
A gloomy silence for a little while,  
And people almost fancied he had slept !  
( Would that it had been so )—but no ! he crept  
Slowly but surely thro' the azure veins  
Which branching o'er her marble forehead, leapt ;  
And winding down those short and narrow lanes  
Of life, into her heart ; there broke its slender chains.

It chanced upon a lone and luckless hour,  
When Summer, in his roscate garb arrayed,  
On each young peeping bud and opening flow'r  
Had pressed his ruby lips, and gladness laid  
Her head upon his bosom, and repaid  
With sweet caresses all the tender care  
That he had lavished on her ; and she bade  
Him think on her and smile : and could Despair  
Lurk in that soft—soft smile—a smile so passing  
rare ?

Then Charlotte left her home ; and her heart beat  
High with the hopes of pleasure—she did rove  
With a few gentle girls, almost as sweet  
E'en as herself—fair as the woodland dove,  
Her soul all ecstasy—her bosom—Love !—  
Not far they wander'd, for they only sought  
Pleasure, through many a dark and shady grove—  
Oh ! pleasure, pleasure ! thou art dearly bought,  
And we who love thee so, are e'en as thou art,—  
nought ! !

On——banks, is many a grassy nook  
By flowers of hyacinthine verdure crown'd ;  
Through——woods, flow's many a silver brook  
Meandering 'midst their gloominess profound—  
And here the lovely wanderers had found  
Their pleasant pastime, here amongst the trees  
As each heart answer'd to its sister's bound,  
They talked and smiled ( how innocence can please )  
Or heard low melting sounds distilled thro' summer's  
breeze.

The evening brought them home, amidst her white  
And crimson drapery ; and sweetly shone  
From out the trellice of her lattice bright,  
On forms as fair as love might gaze upon,  
On eyes as dark as oriental Sun  
E'er kindled with his soul-inspiring rays—  
What more ? their joy-spent pilgrimage was done,  
And Charlotte spoke of many happy days  
Like these to come !—to pass ! midst pleasure's cir-  
cling maze.

Night came—and soon upon her peaceful pillow  
Sleep drew its magic, variegated blind—  
But Death had hung a branch of weeping willow  
Over her slumbers, and the weary wind  
Chaunted a solemn dirge, where youth reclin'd  
Unconscious that pale Destiny had hung  
A wreath of cypress o'er her head—her mind  
Was wrapt in seraph dreams : and Angels flung  
Unfading, blissful gifts her virgin thoughts among.



When morning came how changed ! her cheek was  
pale

And her lips quiver'd, and her late bright eyes  
Had lost their lustre ; and the rising gale  
Bore on its bosom quick and painful sighs,  
Struggling with Death—the undulating rise  
And swell within her breast seem'd heav'd in pain,  
That breast with joy so wont to sympathise  
Was troubled, sadly striving to regain  
Its purest, sweetest flow of rapture once again.—

Thus passed a few short hours, and still she grew  
Worse, and then suddenly a fever'd glow  
Spread its thin, hectic, and transparent hue  
Over her pallid features—and a slow,  
Uneven motion, stir'd the gentle flow  
Of Life's best streams—and then oh ! God ! the blood,  
That fount of our existence here below,  
Burst from its tender bounds, a crimson flood,  
That drain'd Life's very self, and might not be with-  
stood.

Sad was the scene of Death—a dizzy gloom,  
Scaring each fond and trembling bosom there,  
Hung like a pall its darkness o'er the room  
And turn'd the look of sorrow to despair—  
Then many a heart was rent, and many a tear  
Flow'd for the happy Maiden's lot, and fell  
Watering the bed of death—her pale lips were  
Thrice open'd, but utterance fail'd beneath the swell  
Of blood that choked the deep-drawn, dying sigh  
“Farewell.”—

Again she strove—in vain! again—but Death  
Pressed heavy on her frame; the precious dew  
Yet linger'd in her eye—and her sweet breath  
Was check'd by frequent flutterings—the blue  
Show'd dimly in the veins it glided through  
And seem'd decreasing fast—Oh never, never  
Was such a parting seen; her Spirit flew  
Gently away—and now her lips dis sever  
A moment—meet,—then part—then close for ever!

Adieu angelic girl! thy Brother weeps  
Warm tears upon thy brief but happy lot,  
For though thy corse in cold oblivion sleeps  
Yet may thy sweetness never be forgot;  
Ev'n time amidst its ruins cannot blot  
The page of memory to me so dear—  
Affection pleads; and when I love thee not  
(Thine image) may my last and funeral bier  
Unpitied pass away—unwater'd by a tear!

## SONG OF THE FIENDS.



Let us sing in the night, of the dead midnight,  
When the tempest rolls over the billow ;  
Let us sing whilst the day is yet far away,  
Ere we sink on our fiery pillow.

The ill-omend bird already is heard  
O'er the Sepulchre's dreariness shrieking ;  
And hark, and hark to the Bando's bark  
In the distance at intervals breaking.

The Sun is gone, and we are alone,  
The corpse lights of murder are telling ;  
And the lightnings flash, and the murderous dash  
Of thunder, is round us yelling.

Let the blood be spilt ; and the glittering hilt  
Drink deep in the bosom of sorrow ;  
We must haste to our home, through the sulphur's  
blue foam,  
Ere the Sun lights the dawn of to-morrow.

## CHORUS.

Pledge the bumper in blood, and the blistering flood,  
Destruction's lethiferous river ;  
Let us breathe to the last, in each poisonous blast,  
Proud defiance to Virtue for ever.—

Stern Brothers of Death, on this sterilous heath,  
Let us wallow where Hemlock is strewing ;  
Oh ! rejoice when on Man our first triumphs began  
And we left him alone in his ruin !

Hell laughed at the sight, when in horrid affright  
Mankind from his guilty seduction  
Shrank back in despair, for his fate hover'd near ;  
Ah ! sweet was that day of destruction.

Triumphant, our brows let us circle with boughs,  
The yew with the cypress entwining ;  
Let the fire breathing brand, in each desolate hand,  
For ever and ever be shining.

The night breeze is hot, and a cankering rot  
Through the yellow scull's fissures is creeping ;  
Fleshy fragments are strewn with many a bone  
Where the black toad is sullenly sleeping.

#### CHORUS.

Pledge the bumper in blood, and the blistering flood,  
Destruction's lethiferous river ;  
Let us breathe to the last, in each poisonous blast,  
Proud defiance to Virtue for ever.—

## LINES WRITTEN ON VISITING KENIL WORTH,

1822.  

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There is a joy unknown to vulgar eyne,  
To trace the wreck of ages past away ;  
While Memory sheds a ray where time hath been  
And leaves that spot more lovely in decay.

And such I've known, when thro' thy moss clad walls  
Fair Kenilworth in pensive mood I trod ;  
The Sun's last ray beam'd on thy mouldering Halls  
And mark'd thy Shades of Spirits the abode.

And here was young-eyed Beauty wont to rove  
Whiling its little hour of life in smiles ;  
In rapture listen'd to the tale of love,  
Or aught that melancholy care beguiles.

Hark to the voice which from yon lonely tower  
Pours forth its plaintive note upon the gale—  
Thrilling the soul with sadness at this hour,  
It seems departed greatness to bewail.

Sure, tis the Spirit of the days gone by !  
That thus midst column'd ruins loves to moan ;  
Hallowing the cloister'd aisle and turret high,  
In each grey arch she claims a kindred home.



ON A TEAR.

---

Sweet emblem of love ! in thy beautiful beam  
Young Passion and Pity alternately blending  
Their gentle Elysium of sympathy, seem  
For the heart's precious guardianship fondly con-  
tending.

Then mingle no more in such amiable strife,  
Nor longer in rivalry vie with each other ;  
But charming each softer enjoyment of life,  
In Love's sweetest union sparkle together.

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THE NIGHT-SCENTED STOCK.

---

It was a charming little Flower,  
The fairest Queen of the twilight hour ;  
And she lifts her tiny veil on high  
As she fixes her look on the Evening Sky—  
And watches the hours as they slowly roll  
Till her bridegroom Night o'ershadows the pole.  
With a beating heart and a beaming eye  
She hails his approach with one fragrant sigh—  
And though she droop'd for his presence sweet  
    Beneath the noontide ray,  
Yet with perfum'd breath she will haste to meet  
    Her lover by twilight grey.

ON A BEAUTIFUL GIRL,  
WHO DIED OF CONSUMPTION AT D—H, 1823.

---

I saw her in her loveliness, and mark'd  
The beateous emanations of her soul  
Beam on her azure cheek and through her eyes—  
And yet it was the Beauty of the Tomb—  
And like that specious covering of our woes  
Concealed the earth worm that did lurk therein—  
All fair without: within how desolate!  
Another week—her form had suffer'd change—  
Yet still a smiling Seraph seem'd to linger  
Over her placid brow, as if it lov'd  
Its resting place, and fain would harbour there.

There was a settled calmness in her eye  
Which now, no longer fixed on Earth, was lift  
Up to that Heaven where oft had turn'd her thoughts,  
Another—and another—she is gone !  
Back to her native Heaven she has wing'd  
Her flight to join those kindred Spirits there—  
She was too pure, too bright to be enthralled  
By fetters of this sordid mass of clay—  
And so she died ! thus perish all our hopes—  
“ Whom the Gods love die young : ” and she had  
known

But few short Summers ; now she is at rest !  
At the still hour of midnight I had passed  
The house where yet her mortal frame was laid—  
That half-op'd window silverd by the moon  
Proclaims the loss of all we hold most dear,  
Youth, Beauty, and unsullied Innocence ;  
I wept—the world may laugh—I say I wept.  
Aye ! in the death of one so beautiful,  
So young, the heart may burst its feeble bounds  
And deluge us with our own source of life—  
But the sad tear—the diamond of the heart

And hid like diamonds in a costly frame—  
Will ever flow, and sanctify their cause,  
He must be flint, and worse than adamant,  
Who loveth not the kindly rush of Nature—  
Nor hails its coming with at least—a Sigh.  
In yonder Church soon will they lay her head :  
Perhaps her Friends may sorrow for a while  
And then they will forget—

But that mild face  
So full of soft expression, and so bland,  
Shall linger in the tablets of my heart  
And find a refuge till we meet in Heaven.—

**THE HONEY-SUCKLE.**

---

Say would ye know the honey-suckle's tale ?  
They were a family who died of Love ;  
And still within their inmost cells they bear  
( Once a true heart and tender ) one small drop,  
Sweet as the honey which the busy bee  
Bears on his saffron thigh ; that drop is love,  
Pure without sophistry ; such as whilome graced  
The golden age of Jove's benignant Sire :  
And that they were lovely in their unity  
The pitying Gods have placed them on one stem,  
And given them squadrons to protect their realms  
Against their enemy the busy fly.  
These you may see around the citadel  
Brandish their mimic swords into the air,  
While o'er them towers the emerald standard high.

# NOTES.

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Note 1, page 66, line 6.

*Oh Ellen—Ellen—when I fared thee well.*

Written on leaving ——— for Oxford.

Note 2, page 68, line 9,

*When once is writ our doom within the book of fate.*

I here speak of the sad survivors, who in fact are the real victims. For the dead, we cannot but regret those who have quitted this vale of sorrow, for the brightness of a heavenly kingdom, at the same time we may be certain, that were the choice offered the spirits of the just, of returning to this world, their own wishes would raise a barrier, except such a permission were restricted to an immaterial appearance, which I cannot think improbable.

"Death is like Thunder in two  
particulars; we are alarmed at  
the sound of it; and it is formidable  
only from that which preceded it."

Colton.







